

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: L.P.]

Convicts, as I bring you this one
Check out the force of what the power of the clenched fist done
They call us n***ers, then n***as
B*t*hes then b*t*hes, we take it but doesn't fit us
If we could just collaborate, eliminate the force matters
Bring the truth to what the devils stars scatter
'Cause brains don't functions for justice
Amongst the brothers, so I carry the circ*mference
I see a shady n***a, but I know he can't he hide
Knife in his sweaty palms, tryna stab my backside
Kicks the positracks with backs from Mother Terrace
With Funkdoobiest Sun and brother Paris
State of emergency calls to get rid of this
The n***as who be flipping at just how severe it is
But if I get some cup, I'll put them in a slump with chumps
'Cause they splatter on a tree stump

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yes its the G, the-U-E-double R-I-double L-A
Back in the clip tight for L.A
Or any other black neighborhood because its fittin'
P-Dog with a new plan for us to hit 'em
Or where the n***as that be talking that gangsta sh*t
They runnin' b*t*h when its time to make the hit
So scared of whitey motherf**ker, should be ashamed
See house n***as never change, they still the same
But thats cool, because it don't take but a few
To troop on a swoop on the make a move on the boys in blue
I'm ain't the one who gotta walk on a beat ya b*t*h
But I'm the one whose trigger finger is starting to itch
So I might start waiting for the nightfall
When time is right, I'll commence to sniping y'all

And be sure piggies drop like drawers on the floor tonight
Because the motherf**king war is on

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down

[Interlude]

"We as Black people must examine America, as a resources of America. Will those in power use those resources that America has to correct the ill-mannered behavior that she's casted upon Black people for the past four-hundred and thirty seven years? You must understand that your conspiracy of silence can be no more!"

[Verse 3: Son Doobie]

Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
To arrest a Doobie, better switch to the foreign
AK mayday because we need more backup
Is what I had them screaming, now it's time I shack up
It ain't simple but I'm bucking through the boarded up windows
But that's how the wind blows
They can never catch me, hear the dispatch G
Suspect afoot coming through like the apache
Here we go, one more time for ya a**
Kid, it doesn't really matter because you know I'm Philly blatin'
Murderin', hurtin', yo it's curtains for your a**
And I'm certain you'll get played like Richard Burton
Barrels to the kneecaps, you best believe that
Boom shocker, tell me where the weeds at
So I can drop these punk a** cops
And rip shop and take the rubles because you know I got scruples

[Hook]

Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down